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OUR XMAS GIFT TO YOU. *See Page ii of Cover.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 650. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

No. 555.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

No. 444.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SCHEME TO MUZZLE TOMMY

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

X SOLD EVERYWHERE.

C OST LITTLE.

E XCELDA LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.

L IGHT AND DAINTY.

D EPENDABLE QUALITY.

A SK FOR EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS, FRONTS, SHIRTS.

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The Church and National Reconstruction.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND appeals to the public to establish a Central Fund, the need for which is urgent in view of the work of National Reconstruction already begun by the Church.

Without waiting for money to be forthcoming, the Church has already undertaken liabilities for the benefit of released soldiers. Men are being discharged at the rate of 2,000 a week, and large numbers of selected candidates have already been placed in colleges for training. Many of them will in due time take Holy Orders, or become qualified as lay helpers or social workers in the greatly increased work which the Church foresees, and for which she is preparing herself, in the period immediately following the war.

The Church of England, through its schools, saved the period of industrial revival in the nineteenth century from sheer materialism, and began the great work of educating the people.

Even as a mere investment it would be well worth the Nation's while, through its citizens, to defray the cost of all such work. The ideal of service, the obligations of self-support and thrift, of temperance, soberness and chastity firmly established in the minds of the young enrich society. Every wastrel subtracts from the common fund the support of a non-producing unit. Thus good citizens are impoverished, and sobriety and thrift deprived in part of their reward in order to maintain and propagate inefficiency. Every halting conscience sustained and strengthened by religious influence means saving the State, not merely from one unprofitable servant, but from an hereditary chain of non producers, perhaps of physical and moral degenerates, the parents of a feeble-minded brood which multiplies its own evil. It is through the unchecked development of unmoral types that race poisons are spread. The innocent suffer for the sins of the guilty, and the Nation is taxed to foster the very elements whose existence endangers its growth and stability.

The incalculable protection offered to Society by the work of the Church offers a most substantial inducement to all who value the Nation's future, whether they are Churchmen or not, since the whole fabric of Society, and not Church of England people alone or principally, will be strengthened by this work. The appeal is to every good citizen irrespective of creed.

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[748] .....

Full information about the needs of the Church of England may be found in the "Soul of Wealth," recently published by Mr. John Murray at 2/6.

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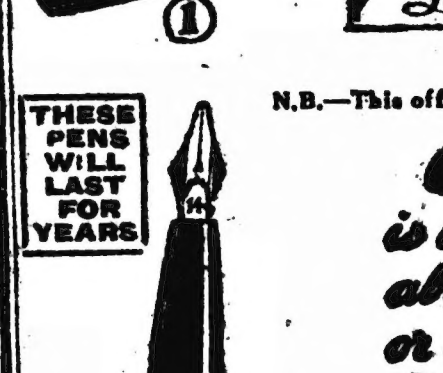

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Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 650. **Week ending Saturday, November 16th, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Price of Power.

Look out for startling terms in the new compact between the Prime Minister and the Unionist members of the Coalition.

"Refer to Foch."

Of course the decision of the War Council to refer Germany to Marshal Foch for the terms of Armistice had nothing whatever to do with our Albert Hall meeting, at which we suggested that Mr. Wilson should say that it was to the Allied Generalissimo that "all further communications should be addressed."

A Reader's Forecast—

For 1920. Lloyd George to be made a peer and Horatio Bottomley Prime Minister. Will candidates for posts in our Ministry kindly send in their applications, stating qualifications and experience? No lawyers need apply.

Sir George Cave.

We understand that a very strong candidate is about to enter the field against the Home Secretary. But Sir George may be on the Judicial Bench before the Election comes round.

Soldiers and Taxation.

A leaflet is being issued asking whether Tommy, on his return from the trenches, is to be taxed to pay interest on the money made by profiteers. But what about the cost of the war. Is he to bear *that?*

Parliamentary Candidates.

We shall now be glad to hear from persons willing to stand as candidates at the forthcoming election—on non-Party, National lines.

Returned Prisoners.

That was a feeble defence by Mr. Macpherson to General Page Croft's charges. The Government ought either to have put up a bigger man—or kept quiet.

N. M. G.

Surely, after the way in which he has muddled the Prisoners question, Lord Newton should be relieved from further official work. Let him resume his old *rôle* of Jester to the Lords.

Those Convoys.

The other day the Government issued a statement showing the success of the convoy system. Though mentioning that it was introduced in May of last year, they do not give us credit for the suggestion—which was made, in detail, in an article on the submarine menace published in this journal on February 17th previously. As it *has* saved many valuable lives and much shipping, as we predicted, we are quite satisfied.

The Conchies.

By all means let them be released on the cessation of hostilities—to work as labourers on the restoration of damaged property.

An Ideal Site.

We are told that the Cadogan and Hans Place estate shows no profit. Why not acquire it for housing blocks?

"Better Bacon."

So we are to have better bacon imported. Time we had. Hitherto it has been wild boar—fed on snakes, and salted to conceal the twang.

The Crystal Palace.

Sir Edward Smith says he has been "comparing notes" and finds that health on ships of war is not so good as at the Palace. With whom has he "compared notes"—Ananias?

That Dickens Fair.

Both Mr. Walter Crotch, the Treasurer, and Mr. Bransby Williams, the Organiser of this function, share our dissatisfaction at the delay on the part of various helpers in rendering their accounts. Will the good people in question kindly get a move on?

Judges and Politics.

We sympathise with the complaint of Mr. Justice Darling that the Government is denuding the Bench of so many Judges that there are, at present, not enough to go round. There may be exceptional cases in which the commandeering of the services of a Judge is justified, but the practice is spreading at an alarming rate.

"A Ass."

Bumble's description of the law of his time seems still applicable. The other day we were supplied at a chemist's shop with tooth-powder, but were told that, it being Thursday afternoon, it was illegal to sell us shaving-soap. Perhaps tooth-powder comes under the definition of medicine; it is certainly more likely to be swallowed.

Lord Milner.

Apropos of the *Daily Mail's* sudden attacks on Lord Milner—which, like that article, we are sure, are inspired—we recall the fact that when in May last we questioned the wisdom of the present War Secretary's appointment, Lord Northcliffe wrote us saying: "Surely you must be aware that at least half the burden of the present battle crisis has been borne by Lord Milner"—to which we replied that we should be "the first to recognise the services of Lord Milner" as soon as we "had ocular demonstration of them." Now the *Mail* says, in effect, M. M. G.!

The Pacific Islands.

It should be one of the terms of peace that these should go to Australia. No offence meant to Japan!

The Oil Monopoly.

Of course Lord Cowdray demolished the cry of a monopoly for his firm. But we should like to be in it, all the same.

A Giant Aeroplane.

If it wasn't for "Dora," we would tell you where a monster aeroplane is being built—something much bigger than the Handley Page

Shoot Them!—

An ignorant airman of Kew
Said he had friends who were liars—he knew;
Said he: "It's well known
They never *have* flown,"
Yet they swore, when he met them, "I've 'flu."

And Him, Too!

The Kaiser in Kultur did revel,
And vowed that with God he was level;
But the wicked old Hun
Lost his place in the sun,
And now he goose-steps with the Devil.

After Many Years.

In the great events now happening, our thoughts instinctively turn to the aged Empress Eugenie—now in her 92nd year—who was spirited away from Paris by her dentist in 1871, just before its fall. To have lived to see *two* Sedans is indeed a record.

Dental Disclosures.

By the way, it is strange that dentists should have played so important a part in the two chapters of the great war drama. Evidently the professional etiquette which requires a medical man to keep his mouth closed does not apply to that branch of it which depends upon keeping it open!

Asquith's Squibs.

We rather sympathise with poor Mr. Asquith in the manner in which he is being "dished" by his former lieutenant, the present Prime Minister. Home Rule and Free Trade are meagre substitutes for National Reconstruction and a New World. Whether the politicians like it or not, they must reconcile themselves to the fact that, as in the case of the Tories in 1900, Mr. Lloyd George intends to ride the Khaki horse for all it is worth—and, as the game is played, who shall blame him?

Hicks and Heaven.

At the Queen's Hall intercession service the other day, Mr. Joynson Hicks, of Brentford, M.P., declared that we must leave the punishment of our enemies, "who have broken every law of God and man," to Heaven. It is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Hicks added that, in order to avoid delay, "we might be instruments in His hands for carrying it out." A more thoughtful and helpful union of hearts in the world has not previously attracted our attention.

The Exploiters.

For outrageous audacity and impudent insensitiveness an advertisement in the *Evening Press* of York would be hard to beat. "Home in lieu of wages," it runs, "offered discharged soldier and wife. Man look after small garden; wife household duties; no food." It is noticeable that the advertiser, with all his cheek, has not the courage to append his name. He is probably a mean snob in a small way; and the only discharged soldier he is likely to get for his purposes is an insane one.

Kelly: His Book.

Doubtless with the best intentions, the Ministry of Munitions is compiling a Directory of Engineering at the expense of the general taxpayer, and under the auspices of R. C. Kelly. They are accordingly sending out from the Ministry slips to engineering firms requesting information regarding the number of hands employed, and whether or not they are Government contractors. Big firms will doubtless welcome this free, gratis advertisement; the smaller men resent it for obvious reasons.

A Monstrous Injustice.

On the same day at the Devon Assizes, before Mr. Justice Rowlatt, two cases were tried. In one, a man was convicted of a criminal assault on two girls of 6 and 8, which had caused the children to be infected with a filthy disease. This black blackguard got 30 months' hard labour. Another man set fire to a stack of straw, a stack of hay, and a stack of wheat. *He got seven years' penal servitude.* Is a farmer's property worth so much more than the honour and happiness of two children?

A Canadian View.

With peace in the air, it is as well that the Dominion standpoint should be kept carefully in view. "If there is anything Canadian opinion is strong on," writes a regular reader in Toronto, "it is against any concessions or negotiations with Germany, or allowing Lansdowne, Bryce or Haldane to have any voice in the matter." In that same spirit, the Toronto Corporation have passed a resolution changing the name of Lansdowne Avenue, to signify their disapproval of that nobleman's peace propaganda. Canada's all right.

Resting Strenuously.

Old fellows helping on munitions find seven days' work every week too much for them, and the Minister of Munitions has agreed that they require an occasional rest. It is, however, hard to obtain, even for men over 70. At Ponders End, if one shift is missed, the "worker" has to get up early and obtain his doctor's certificate (1s.) for a day off, and must visit the same doctor in the evening for another certificate (1s.) of fitness to resume. And he must also pass the factory doctor next morning. An old man's day of rest means running round at a cost of 2s. to himself.

A Fine Proposal.

A Hackney reader points out that while most things have gone up in price, a little flutter before the Magistrates costs, as a rule, no more than before the war. His argument is that, instead of dunning the Hackney ratepayers for £8,071, their share of the increased wages of the Metropolitan Police, the authorities should persuade the Magistrates to put up the scale of fines and thus compel the law-breakers to pay for their own policing. A novel suggestion; but it is wonderful what a lot of sound ideas have been born in Hackney!

Deserted Dependents.

When a man deserts from the Army the War Office at once stops the separation allowance of his wife and family, with the result that in many cases the burden of their support is transferred to the Guardians. To visit the deserter's offence upon his innocent dependents is surely most unfair—while, as the public have to pay anyhow, even the miserable excuse of economy is lacking. In a case of this kind at Brigg, it was stated that an appeal to the Prince of Wales' Fund on behalf of a deserter's five children had been in vain. What *is* that Fund for?

A Rabbit Story.

Whether "pinching" a rabbit is or is not a transgression of the Eighth Commandment has, we believe, been a subject of dispute between learned theologians. It is, however, a breach of the law, and a person charged with "trespassing in pursuit of conies" has, as a rule, little mercy to expect at the hands of old-fashioned County Magistrates—as was seen at Faringdon the other day, when a labouring man, caught in the naughty act, was fined £10. Where the Bench expected the man to find the money, Heaven only knows; but it will be a scandal if he should be sent to prison through inability to pay.

Germhun for Girls.

Durham County Council Education Committee still retain their admiration for the Germhun tongue. They are advertising for a temporary assistant to teach Germhun to the girls at the Secondary School, Stockton-on-Tees. The vilest of all tongues for a girl to understand is assuredly that of the Hun—a tongue so vile, indeed so infamous in its degradation of heart and mind, that it is amazing to us any mother should wish her daughter to learn it, or any British woman should consent to propagate it. Through all the world of humanity henceforth, as long as there is history to be read or tradition to persist, the Germhun language can serve only to keep alive the memory of an infernal name.

Advice to the Poor.

Among elementary school-children in some of the poorest localities, the Coal Controller has been distributing leaflets for the kiddies to take home to their mothers. In language of stern necessity, Mother is warned that she must "give up the decorative lights and the shaded lights in the drawing-room," make do with "fewer hot baths," and avoid her notoriously wasteful practice of "dining in one room, sitting in another, and entertaining in another." As an indication of the way in which these practical admonitions have been taken to heart, it may be mentioned that for some time past there has not been a single ball or supper party or dance in Hoxton or Hackney Wick.

Girls in the Nursery.

Land girls in nurseries at Waltham Cross and Cheshunt can work only 48 hours a week in these short days. Their pay being 6d. an hour, they draw 23s. 9d. on Saturday. But 20s. of that has to go in billet-money, so the girls have the large balance of 3s. 9d. for underclothes, repairs, amusements, and to Feed the Guns with. Luckily, air is cheap.

Waiting for Wages.

Whoever is responsible for the non-payment of the wages of nurses at the Oldmill Military Hospital, Aberdeen, ought to be caught bending. The nurses have but a lean living, even when they get it—£40 per annum, to be accurate—and it is out of all reason or patience or toleration that the pay due to them in September was still unpaid on 27th October. If the Government tried this kind of thing on the horny-handed son of toil or the munition girl, they would never do it twice.

A Rotten Affair.

Why are they deliberately allowing £1,000 worth of cheese at the Lostwithiel Factory to go rotten? This is about a quarter of the Factory cheese stocks which, according to Mr. C. T. Trevail, Chairman of Bodmin Food Committee, the District Commissioner will not allow to be liberated. When the whole £4,000 worth of cheese has become strong and determined enough to lift the roof and break through the walls of the Factory, said Commissioner will have no option. Surely, however, it is a shocking waste.

Fishy.

Spratting has altogether stopped at Alloa; the boats won't fish for them any longer, as, according to the men, there is now no sale. The retailer, we are told, won't sell them as cheap as he could, because he can get better profits out of other fish. Thus does the sprat roam the sea, and no fishmonger so poor as to do him reverence. There is only one thing for it. Let the Food Controller appoint an Advisory Committee of the Fish Trade with the object of fixing the retail price at 6½d. per sprat, and cat-fish won't be in it.

Seven in a Horse-Loft.

What are things coming to when a father, mother, and five children are compelled to live in a loft over a stable in Crofts Street, Roath, Cardiff, because they can't get either a house or rooms? This villainous hovel is without a fireplace. It is heated with a gas-ring and a lamp. The mother states that they have there "only the clothes they are wearing"; some of the children are babies; and the winter is coming on. The father is in regular employment and eager to rent a house. It is the business of the authorities to find him one.

Brave Men's Children.

Four boys, aged 10 to 15, were charged at Prescot with damage to oats in a field at Whiston. The damage was estimated at 10s. Each boy was fined £2. The field is partly unfenced, and the boys, doubtless, did trespass and skylark. But it did seem absurd for the farmer to declare that his workmen were "afraid" of such youngsters, nor had he the right to call them "wild savages." There are three streets in Whiston; 48 houses in one street have furnished 46 soldiers, including an M.M. There was no cause to slander such men and their children, nor any for such vindictive fines on first offenders.

No Meat Shortage.

Latest out in official diet for Hun officers comprises an allowance of 14 ounces of butcher's meat, 6 ounces of bacon, and 20 ounces of fish per week. And some of our own officers, passing to Germhun internment through Lille, have been seen to appease their hunger by stopping to pick up scraps of food from the gutter!

Union of Hearts.

By the way, it appears to be rather an excellent thing for an Irishwoman to be married to a Hun interned. A daughter of Erin has confessed to Dr. Waldo, the City Coroner, that the Board of Guardians allows her 24s. 6d. a week while her Germhun husband was judged unfit to be at large, and that, in addition, the Government grants her a separation allowance. She won't want to go to Germhuny; and he ought to.

A Just Claim.

When the settling-up comes, due attention must be given to the interests of British subjects who once had property in Germany. These folk are not all bloated plutocrats, whom a democratic Government can afford to leave to their fate; one of them, who puts her case before us, is a poor old lady whose modest income, derived from investments in Germany, probably not of her making, has been entirely destroyed by the war. She looks to the Government for some salvage of her ruined fortunes. Can anyone dispute the justice of such claim?

Huns de Luxe!

From a soldier of the Black Watch, stationed at St. Albans, we have it that a certain gentleman of the town "actually goes with a large private motor-car to the internment camp and takes three Hun prisoners to work a distance of 2½ miles. Our men are not treated like this in Germhuny." Of course they are not, and Germhun prisoners ought not to be treated like this in St. Albans, or any other of our towns.

A Blackpool Ban.

Here's a merry Christmas and many of 'em to the members of the Blackpool "League of Justice," organised by the Rev. F. H. Powell, of South Shore Vicarage. One of the objects of the League is "to ensure that no Germhun is employed in any capacity in the town for at least five years after the war." A League of this kind, handled vigorously and served by each member loyally, ought to be able to exercise a strong local influence. We should like to see one in every town in the Kingdom.

Summoning the Departed.

Earnestly we beg the officials of the National Service Ministry at the Sessions House, Newington Causeway, to refrain from calling up Ernest Brash, late of Lebanon Street, Walworth. The poor fellow died in hospital two years ago, and four times since then somebody has wrung his mother's heart by summoning him to the Colours. The first time this happened, the mistake was explained to the Military. How many more times shall we have to comment on such deplorable muddling?

Urgent.

The housing problem grows daily more acute. At Pinchbeck, near Spalding, a soldier's wife, with seven children, was recently turned out into the street under an Ejectment Order issued by the County Court Judge, after it had been refused by the local Magistrates. Such scandals and the conditions from which they spring are arousing intense feeling, and at the Election enlightened politicians will put housing reform in the forefront of their programme.

An Unpleasant Surprise.

Some sea-going engineers have a grievance against the A.S.E. It has always been the custom of the Society to pay compensation up to £10 to members losing their effects at sea, but an amended regulation now requires that at the commencement of each voyage an inventory shall be deposited with the Branch Secretary. The complaint is that no proper notice of the new Rule was given, and that some of the members, having been at sea almost continuously since the war started, were not made aware of it until their claims to compensation were refused. Perhaps the Executive will look into the matter.

Our Christmas Gift.

In accordance with our annual custom at this season of the year, in this issue will be found a coupon of the value of One Shilling, which will be accepted in part purchase of a JOHN BULL Pen—itself a handsome and useful present. "Tommy" and "Jack" deserve them!

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, K.C., M.P.

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—At the Atherstone Police Court the other day a foolish girl of 18 was sent to prison for a month for giving a loaf of bread to a German prisoner-of-war. As to the merits of this sentence I have nothing to say; my purpose is rather to remind you that I have frequently drawn your attention to far worse instances of "comforting" interned Germans on the part of several highly-placed individuals, including the wife of a Minister of the Crown. Refresh your memory with regard to my disclosures, compare them with the charge against the Atherstone girl, and tell me which was the greater crime. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Pirrie, Shipping Controller.

DEAR LORD PIRRIE,—It might be worth your while to find out why all the thousand soldiers working under military discipline in the Chepstow National Shipyard were hidden out of sight when you and General Collard made an inspection the other day. Of course you didn't see much—Inspectors never do. But if you had interviewed some of the N.C.O.s (formerly glass-blowers, bricklayers, sewermen, insurance agents, street hawkers, dustmen, etc.) you might have formed an idea why with such a monstrous expenditure not one slipway is completed after 13 months, and some are hardly touched. Curious, isn't it? JOHN BULL.

To Alderman H. K. Moore, Croydon Borough Police Court.

MERCIFUL SIR,—"This," said the poor woman—and she meant you—"is what my husband and son are fighting for." The husband went first and then his boy, and then she had to go out working. So she kept one of her children at home to look after the others. But you, O wise and learned Magistrate, couldn't take that into account, fined her 15s., and threatened her with prison if she didn't pay. Can you guess what I should like to do with you?

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Guy Calthrop, Coal Controller.

DEAR SIR GUY,—Just a word. I understand that quite a promising invention for securing large economies in coal was recently rejected by your Department, although it has since been taken up with enthusiasm in America. If any other bright ideas should happen to come along, I hope you will not let them slip across the Atlantic; for if we could manage to meet your requirements this winter without wrapping ourselves in blankets and going to bed at teatime, we should be even happier than we are.

JOHN BULL.

To Herr Otto Hehner, Public Analyst, Horsham.

MEIN HERR,—I cannot understand what you, a Germhun, are doing as a Public Analyst in England. It is very extraordinary that the Horsham Council, in face of the strong patriotic feeling in the country, should employ a man of enemy origin in such a capacity or, indeed, in any capacity at all—though I suppose the Council will say that what is right as to State Departments cannot be wrong in a Local Authority. I do not take that view at all. In no circumstances whatever do I think it desirable that a man of Germhun birth should be employed in the official life of our nation. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. M. Judd and Brothers, Ltd., Stratford, E.

GENTLEMEN,—You manufacture a match and charge 1d. a box—at any rate, the retailers do. It is called "Britain's Pride," and I don't like it, for it has about as little to be proud of as any box of tricks on the market. According to the label, it is "manufactured under patent"—if there is a more patent match about I certainly haven't seen one. Sometimes it gets dipped and sometimes it doesn't. If there is a toss up at the works and it wins, all right. If it loses, then it gets a streak of bad luck all through the box; you can hardly find the matches for the duds. Better find another name than "Britain's Pride" for them, gentlemen. JOHN BULL.

To H. Broderick, Esq., Secretary, Aliens Advisory Committee, London.

MR. SECRETARY, SIR,—Who is this mysterious unnamed Hun who cannot be repatriated, though "from every point of view he ought to be repatriated," because he has knowledge of a wonderful chemical process for making a substitute for food which we daren't let his fellow Huns in Holland get hold of? To put it in the vernacular, my friend, the Hun is "having you"—having you on toast. Let's have his name and whereabouts, anyway.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Phillip Snowden, M.P.

DEAR PRO-HUN,—Having done all in your puny power to undermine the British effort in the war, you now have the audacity to prate about the peace terms, and, as usual, you are talking arrant rubbish, as well as rank treason. In declaring, as you did recently at Blackburn, that "President Wilson was fighting the Allied Governments just as much as he was fighting the autocracy of Germany," you were obviously playing the game of the Germhuns, whose aim is to sow dissention among the victorious Allies, and I have no doubt your performance was eminently satisfactory to Berlin. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Albert Martin, Provision Merchant, Southend.

DEAR BUTTERMAN,—You are a great man in a small way, being Alderman and member of the Southend Food Control Committee. But you omitted to prevent offences in your own shop, so the Bench mulcted you in £15 fines, and £7 7s. costs on three charges of supplying butter and margarine on a food card not registered at your establishment. You blamed your cashier. She artlessly rippled, "Oh, yes; we have often done that!" When bowled out, you blurted: "It is a pity these fellows have not got something better to do. It is a trivial persecution: that is all it is." Have you yet resigned from the Food Committee? JOHN BULL.

JUSTICE FOR A NAVAL OFFICER.

A COURT-MARTIAL AND A SECRET INQUIRY.

LISTEN to this story, which begins in the Near East and for the moment ends at Chatham. But if there is any force in public opinion there will be a sequel. Sub-Lieutenant John P. F. Turner, R.N., joined H.M.S. *Agamemnon* early in 1917, at Mudros, and it was not long before the middies—all of them, by the way, of the R.N.R.—brought complaints to Lieutenant Claude de V. le Sueur, as senior R.N.R. officer on board, concerning their treatment at the hands of Turner. They alleged that the Sub-Lieutenant sought to promote "filthy and demoralising conversation" and they made charges also of another kind. The advice given them was obviously proper advice; their charges were grave ones, but if they were certain of their truth then they had no alternative but to forward a formal complaint to the Captain of the *Agamemnon*. This they did. Notice what followed. There was first of all a preliminary investigation on the ship, then a Court of Inquiry, and finally a Court-Martial—all this, we may remark, being quite in the proper order of events. At the Court-Marital Lieutenant le Sueur was not called upon to give evidence—for the very good reason, we suppose, that he had none to give. His part in the affair ended when he advised the R.N.R. midshipmen as to their proper course of action.

At the Court-Martial there were two charges: conduct unbecoming the character of an officer, and the still graver charge of improper conduct with a certain temporary midshipman, R.N.R. The Court found the first proved, and the second not proved; their verdict was, "Accused adjudged to be dismissed His Majesty's service." For reasons which may yet be made public, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty saw fit to reduce the sentence awarded by the Court to loss of all seniority as Sub-Lieutenant and to be dismissed his ship. Turner disappeared from the *Agamemnon* and in due course the ship returned home and was paid off. Le Sueur, who had a long record of good character in the merchant service, found a new occupation in the Hydrographers' Department of the Admiralty, and his work gained the full approval of his chief. Then note what happened. Suddenly, in March of this year, he was ordered to report at Chatham, and found that he was wanted as a witness at a Secret Court of Inquiry, held in the Court-Martial room at the Royal Naval Barracks. The complaining midshipmen of Mudros were also summoned. We have said the Inquiry was secret because when le Sueur came before it, and found that the greater part of his examination was conducted by Turner's legal adviser, he speedily realised the seriousness of his position and proceeded to make notes of evidence that was read through. These notes he was ordered to destroy, the President of the Court declaring that the evidence was confidential and would not be available at any possible subsequent proceedings.

We are not concerned in what happened at this secret Inquiry except in so far as it resulted in the dismissal from the Service of Mr. le Sueur, although to be fair it should be stated that charges of "influence and coercion" were brought against him. What had happened in the interval between the finding of the Court-Martial at Mudros, the whittling down of the sentence by the Board of Admiralty, and the secret Inquiry at Chatham? It is quite obvious that certain influences had been at work, that the friends of the accused and condemned Sub-Lieutenant had induced the Admiralty to consent to a re-opening of the case, and that in order to secure some further modification of the sentence this secret Inquiry was held. There is talk that at least one of the R.N.R. midshipmen went back on his original charges. We will not discuss the motives which induced him to do so. They are outside our purpose. But we declare it to be a travesty of the idea of British justice that le Sueur should have been put upon his trial—for that is what it amounts to—at the secret Inquiry at Chatham without any opportunity of legal aid and in circumstances which made it impossible for him to defend himself against charges suddenly sprung upon him. But that is not the worst of the story. On the day following this hole-and-corner investigation, Rear-Admiral Parry, Hydrographer of the Navy, sent for le Sueur and told him he had been instructed to demand the return of his commission and to get rid of him forthwith, as the Board of Admiralty had decided to discharge him from the R.N.R. under Article 143—"unsatisfactory conduct or ability." The Hydrographer was good enough to inform him that he had asked for a reconsideration of this decision, as his services were of value to the Department, but that the Board would not entertain the idea.

When le Sueur subsequently interviewed Sir O. Murray, Secretary to the Board, appealed to know the reason for so drastic a measure, and sought to claim trial by Court-Martial, he was refused any reasons or an inquiry. We have stated the position and the facts as we understand them, and we say unhesitatingly that to deny an officer a proper inquiry into his conduct and to dismiss him from His Majesty's service without full and adequate reasons is a course which will be deprecated by all reasonable men. That there were influences in operation to secure the rehabilitation of Turner is obvious—he is now serving on H.M. *Carnarvon*; and an inquiry into the case of le Sueur when he could secure the assistance and protection of counsel might reveal much that is at present mysterious and obscure. That is all we demand, not only in the interests of this dismissed officer, but for the credit of the Naval Service. Surely our demand is a reasonable one!

BLACK FLAG OF BUREAUCRACY.

"THE PARISH" AND SOLDIER'S WIDOW AND CHILD.

A child and a woman died recently in Bethnal Green, and the circumstances of their burial demand attention. The first was a baby, fourteen weeks old, of a soldier on service. The second was the widow of a soldier killed in France. They were in danger of a pauper's funeral. The local Pensions Committee were applied to for the £4 needed to bury the child. The mother, being a soldier's wife with three children, was of course totally unable to find it. Well, the Committee gave £2, and said that was their legal limit in such cases. Proceeds of an insurance policy amounted to 15s. There was no red-tape string to pull to provide the balance. So the child of a soldier would have gone in a pauper's hearse had not a private citizen, burning with anger, put his hand in his pocket.

As for the hero's widow, the Secretary of the local Pensions Committee held that not a penny could possibly be given. So a cousin of the woman went round from door to door in the street in which she lived—Bonwell Street—and the brave, generous neighbours have given £6 at the time of writing. We don't blame the local Committee. They have their instructions. But what shall be said of the callous officials, who call themselves a Government, who take a father away, a husband away, and will not save a child, or widow, from the ignominy of a pauper's funeral? Well may a reader, with intimate knowledge of the subject, say: "We flood our districts with endless Authorities, Committees and Societies, meddling with the homes and private lives of the people, but are unable in any time of crisis to render practical aid." Such are the fruits of Bureaucracy!

WASSAIL AT THE WORKHOUSE.

WHEN THE DRINK IS IN, THE MASTER IS OUT.

For many moons there has been a mysterious orgy of bottled beer at Doncaster Workhouse. According to Mr. W. R. Bell, a member of the Board, the Guardians have been buying 70 dozens of beer a month, at a cost of £32. In his solemn words, this orgy with the brew of Bacchus "works out at something like 32 pints a day, or rather more, and I do not think there are 32 at the workhouse who take it." As another member of the Guardians, Mr. Kellett, put it at the meeting, "Something must be done; the public can hardly get a pint"; and a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

What we note from the records of the local Police Court is evidence which may assist the deliberations of the House Committee. "Today at Doncaster," so avers the reporter of the distressing revelation, "Frank A. Owen, Master of the Doncaster Union Workhouse, was fined £2 for being drunk whilst in charge of a motor car, £10 for assaulting the police, and £1 for damaging a cell bed at the police station." It is said that every dog has his day; and apparently it was in Mr. Owen's mind that every Workhouse Master is entitled to his night out. In any case he had it; and though it may be that the long mysterious absorption or evaporation of bottled beer at Doncaster Workhouse may have no connection whatever with the wild, unofficial thirst of the Master on this particular evening, it is hereby suggested to the Guardians, as a just and wise precaution for the future, that the place which knows Mr. Owen shall know him no more. If after his departure the beer orgy still shows no signs of abating, then—but, with hope so high, we shall not anticipate.

ON THE BUST.

FAT FEES ON A SEDUCTIVE SLIDING SCALE.

A package of nine brown pellets came recently to a young girl who had not asked for them. With them were particulars of "Nurse Anderson's Treatment, 2, St. Elmo Road, Egremont, Ches." Nurse Anderson appears to be some sort of figurehead, for she is printed as belonging to "E. Quayle, Proprietress." A letter purporting to be signed by both these persons alleges that the pellets are for increasing flesh, to be used by "people who are undeveloped, with flat bust and hollows or salt-cellars at the neck." You are to take one, if fool enough, after each meal. "Do not waste a moment after finishing eating," but down with it like a heroine, on behalf of bunkum and a big bust. With these things to swallow before you get your food well down, you are to use externally a "quick-acting Skin Food." This is free, but the pellets are charged for all right.

When the first offer was coldly ignored, there came a "follow" in the shape of another from the nurse and her proprietress. They said they thought perhaps the treatment "is more expensive than you anticipated." So down came the price with a tremendous run. It was reduced from 14s. to 8s. for 12 weeks, 3s. 10d. for 4 weeks, and, actually, a kind of get-fat-quick offer of 2s. 8d. for 2 weeks. Nothing was said about terms for two minutes. Anybody paying out hardly-earned money for such a "treatment" cannot conceivably require a fatter head. There is a form to be filled, and one item asks "What part is most undeveloped"? "The brain," should be the answer of a simple innocent succumbing to the wiles of these pellet-peddlers of Egremont

"Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!"

CUSTOM AND THE CUSTOMER.

INGENUOUS MEAT PROFITEER HEAVILY FINED.

The other day Mr. S. Adams, who keeps a butcher's shop at Lye, near Stourbridge, tried to be too-clever-by-half, and the experiment cost him quite a lot of money. The costs, to be precise, with a fine included, amounted to £25. What Mr. Adams had done, it appears, was to cut up and charge for a shoulder of mutton "according to the custom of the district." This, at any rate, was what his solicitor said when he had to find excuses for him at the Police Court, but the reply of the Magistrate was in effect—if not in these precise terms—that the "custom of the district" might be "blowed," and that Mr. Adams would please in future sell his meat at the prices fixed by order of the Food Controller.

Financially, this won't suit Mr. Adams' book at all. As a matter of calculation, it's dead easy. Figuring it out according to the "custom of the district"—in the days of peace, it seems, sheep were cut up a lot cheaper in some places than in others—the butcher got 4s. 9d. for half-a-shoulder of mutton and a pin's-head steak, whereas on scheduled prices he would have received only 4s. 5½d. Therefore, unless a policeman is looking, Adams goes bald-head, so to speak, for the "custom of the district," and lets the law go hang. In future, perhaps, the Stourbridge police will see the wisdom of keeping their eyes on Adams like so many red-hot gimlets. We trust the man in blue, that is at Stourbridge; policemen differ widely, of course—almost as much, perhaps, as the custom of cutting up mutton. In some districts, very properly, it is more than a tradesman's commercial life is worth to play around with the Food Regulations, while in others the police seem to walk the streets in a profound slumber, or, at any rate, with a blind eye to the most flagrant abuses. In some rare instances they have been known to get their teeth well into a case of overcharging and then to draw them out again in a hurry, as though they had bitten on something hard—a piece of metal, for instance. Another case of the "custom of the district," perhaps. Some of these old customs possess the longevity of Methuselah, although their years are not full of honour.

MURDEROUS OFFICIALISM.

NO ROOM FOR THE UNWANTED CHILD.

Intense feeling has been aroused in the Redditch district by the case of Rose Parnell, a young woman of 25, convicted at the Worcestershire Assizes of the manslaughter of her unwanted baby, an infant of nine months. At the outset we feel bound to say that the award of nine months' imprisonment with hard labour by the Commissioner of Assize, Mr. Hugo J. Young, K.C., although a sufficiently heavy penalty, is in satisfactory contrast with the savage sentence of five years penal servitude imposed by Mr. Justice Rowlatt in the similar case of Annie Motson, a much younger girl, whose sad fate and subsequent release have been kept before our readers. Equally pathetic was the history of Rose Parnell. Deserted by her seducer, the harassed mother had her living to earn, and in vain she sought a permanent home for the child. Finally, after a prolonged and fruitless search, she arrived at the Bromsgrove Workhouse, tired with tramping, hungry and faint with weakness, and asked that her homeless bairn might be taken in. But cold officialism had no comfort for her. If the child came in the mother must come in too, and to become a badged and despised pauper was a fate which the girl dreaded more than death. So the Union could not keep her; apparently they could not spare her a single word of cheer or counsel or comfort.

Without even an invitation to rest her weary limbs, without so much as a cup of tea to freshen her exhausted energies—that, the Workhouse Master told the Commissioner, would have been "against the Regulation"—the unhappy girl was driven out into the streets again, to face the long tramp back to her lodging, her priceless burden growing heavier step by step. By an evil chance her road lay by the Canal! As soon as she had committed a crime Rose Parnell became an object of interest to the Law which would not raise a little finger to save her from herself. In all the circumstances, we venture to hope that the poor girl's term of imprisonment may yet be appreciably reduced. Meanwhile, the Bromsgrove Guardians should direct stern inquiry into the facts. Their responsibility is direct.

JUSTICE AT THE ARSENAL.

"JOHN BULL" INTERVENES WITH EFFECT.

"Such a patriot must not be victimised." So we wrote a few weeks ago in regard to the unjust dismissal from his employment at Woolwich Arsenal of Mr. G. O. J. Stubbs—the idol of the loyal workers and a man who from the earliest days of the war had put up a splendid fight for patriotism and efficiency against the emissaries of Pacifist intrigue. We are happy to state that he has now been promised reinstatement—largely, as he is good enough to say, through the publicity given to the matter in this journal alone among the organs of the Press. A telegram sent to Mr. Lloyd George by a Mass Meeting of Woolwich workers records their "sincere pleasure at the decision," and calls for the resignation of Colonel Vandeleur, the Director of Gun Inspection. We understand that Mr. Stubbs is not to return to duty until Colonel Vandeleur has been found employment elsewhere. But the main battle is won, and we are happy to have been instrumental in redressing such a wrong.

LIBELLING SOLDIERS' WIVES.

AMAZING TALES OF A LEEDS FEMALE.

A female, who signs herself as "A Lady Visitor for Soldiers' Dependents," writes to a provincial journal some astounding things. We quote a few of them as samples of an amazing whole:—"The majority of them (soldiers' wives) are better off than they have ever been. They pay from 25s. for jumper blouses. . . . £5 and £6 for their costumes. . . . The soldier's wife is having the time of her life. There may be one or two that are feeling it hard, but the majority are all right." Does the female creature who penned that know the amount of a wife's allowance? The wife and mother who spent "25s. for a jumper blouse" would have to live on air—and in the air—for a week. "£5 for a costume" is a month's money for mother and children. The writing of such wicked misstatements is an act of blind-eyed lunacy. As for the "one or two" wives who are "feeling it hard"—well, there are thousands of good, brave, devoted wives and mothers on the edge of despair. It is perhaps as well for the female who wrote that libellous letter that she did not put her name and address to it.

THE HUN'S WALKING STICK.

THE HERO OF FIFTY *V.* THE UNINTERNED.

We venture to say that William Frost, aged 50, of Bower Street, Bedford, will never be called up, yet his case is instructive. He served for 17 years in the 2nd Beds., and saw much fighting. In 1902 he was discharged as unfit for further service, and without a pension. Tired of war's alarms, he laid down his arms, and fitted in a watchmaker's "eye." The eye kept busy; William built up a very pretty connection, though three doors away a Hun, named Lehman, was making watches. The Hun has not been interned. He has been 36 years in England, but he is unnaturalized. William, unfit for further service 16 years ago, has been re-examined and passed Grade I. For that he is not sorry. But—and he told the Tribunal so plainly—he'll be hanged if he'll put on khaki—even as a Volunteer—while the Hun Lehman is uninterned. And quite right, too. William thrashed Herr Lehman, and took away the Hun's walking-stick. But William, for his obstinacy, has now had his six months' exemption cancelled. A lawyer has written asking for the return of the walking-stick. We don't like that. We are rather afraid that when peace is declared the authorities will want us all to return trophies taken from the Huns. Of course, William will refuse; and, between ourselves, so shall we.

KING GEORGE OR

Scheme to Muzzle Tommy—No Trickery—N

By THE

IT is all over, thank God! If you doubt it, see the joy-light in the eyes of the mothers of England. It is all over. There may be this point or that to thrash out. The devils who made the War may try to snatch something from the Peace. But whatever the immediate future may hold for us—and I am not too easy in my mind over those Peace Terms—the blood of our bravest and best will be shed no more in Armageddon. Truth has triumphed over Evil—Right has conquered Might. We can set the bells ringing and light the bonfires. But in the first ecstasies of relief from the grim spectre of battle we must not forget the duty we owe to ourselves and to those who have fought for us. We must beware of the politician, lest he rob us of our new birthright and seek to win added power for himself at the expense of those who have suffered and striven. Did you notice that phrase of the stalwart and incomparable Clemenceau in the Senate on the eve of the arrival of the German delegates within the Allied lines: "It is more difficult to win the peace than to win the war"? What does that mean? Who is the new enemy? "More difficult to win the peace"! If that be so, then let France's big man speak out bravely, and he will have the British nation at his back. If there is any tricky political or international financiers' business going on behind the scenes, we had better be told. For I say, with all solemnity, that if the man who has fought, and the woman who has suffered, find they have been robbed of the legitimate fruits of victory, there will be sanguinary trouble in this peace-loving old country of ours.

Those Fourteen Points.

Already we have had the voice of Australia, as expressed by Prime Minister Hughes, protesting against the hole-and-corner fashion in which the Allies have committed themselves to the Fourteen Wilsons. I know there has been a reservation as to the "Freedom of the Seas."—Mr. Lloyd George would never have dared to face the British people if there hadn't been—and there is a query mark against that other Point dealing with restoration and reparation But what of the rest? Listen to Mr. Hughes—he must have been hiding in one of the boxes at the Albert Hall meeting. "He objected to the terms of peace, as they did not provide for an Indemnity He found in the document that, while provision was made in some fashion for restoration and reparation, there was no talk of indemnity Did the citizens of this Empire understand that for generations we should be staggering under a burden of debt, and was Germany to escape scot-free?" That is a question which Tommy and Jack will put in very unpleasant tones unless it is answered for them in the final Peace terms. I say nothing of Hughes' caustic reference to the German Colonies. And while on the subject, what had the Peace terms to do with Armistice terms, and why did the politicians poke their noses into a matter which should have been left to Foch and Haig, Beatty and Sims alone? Clearly, it was putting the cart before the horse to tell Germany on what terms she could have peace, before informing her on what terms she could have a cessation of hostilities. Certainly the British people thought the Versailles Conference was concerned solely with the request for an armistice, otherwise they would have expected to see the pledge to the Dominions fulfilled, and the calling into consultation of the Dominion statesmen. But that did not suit someone's book, and Mr. Lloyd George, when he returned to the House of Commons, was absolutely silent on the question of peace. He said nothing more than that the Allies were agreed as to the conditions of an armistice. It was with complete surprise that we found by the Wilson answer to the enemy that we were committed to the Fourteen Points, with those two reservations.

King George or Lloyd George?

"It is more difficult to win peace than to win the war"! Well, I am not surprised, if that is the way in which so-called open diplomacy is to be carried on. But I shall be more than surprised if the people of this country, and the men who have fought the Germans to a finish, are content to see things carried through in this hugger-mugger and mysterious fashion. We do not intend to allow the politicians to stampede us out of our Constitutional rights. If it is the King, as head and symbol of the Constitution, against Lloyd George or anyone else who is out for stampeding the country into a General Election for personal profit, then I know who will go down before the inexorable force of public opinion. There never was a time when Ministers, if they value the Constitutional system under which we have lived in security and contentment, should act with greater caution and greater honesty than now. We look across the North Sea and we are witness to a social and political upheaval unparalleled in the history of the world. The people are in revolt not so much against kings as kings, as against criminal kings and unscrupulous rulers. Ordered society is tottering, ancient institutions are falling like a house of cards, because Democracy has been befooled and deceived, and rulers have used the precious lives of men as pawns on a bloody chessboard. When revolt set alight the fires of revolution in Russia, I wrote of it as a contagious fever that would speedily affect the man in the next bed—the neighbouring nations. And hard upon the break-up of Bulgaria and Austria has followed the epidemic in Germany.

No Trickery—No Sharp Practices.

Now, I say in all seriousness to the men, called statesmen, who at present control the destinies of the British nation, that they may well take warning and see to it that nothing is done to anger or inflame the people at home. There must be no trickery, no sharp practices, over this matter of a General Election. We have much to thank the Prime Minister for, but we have more for which to thank our sailors and our soldiers. And to engineer a snatch election merely for the sake of giving the present Coalition a long lease of life, is to play a dangerous and in the final result a losing game. I care nothing for the opposition of the ordinary Party man. I do not listen to his objections. Fear is the only thing which dictates his attitude, and many of those who were primarily responsible for muddling the earlier stages of the war and sacrificing the lives of hundreds of thousands of brave Britons know that whenever the General Election comes it will sound their political damnation and doom. So be it. But I want to see a real General Election—one in which every person—man or woman—who is entitled to vote shall be able to vote. That is impossible it we are to be hurried and harried to the polls, not for the good of the country but to advantage the fortunes of the Coalition. Mr. Bonar Law has made the impudent and cynical confession that their own Party advantage has "entered their minds" in determining when an Election shall take place. Not the advantage of the soldiers, who have the best right of all to be considered, but the advantage of the gentlemen who happen to be in office and who want to remain there. And the curious thing is that the majority of these gentlemen do not want an Election now—Mr. Walter Long, one of the most respected of the Coalition, has said so—but they are content to be led by the nose by the Prime Minister Whatever happens—the war is ended; and surely it is only decent that the men who to-day are mud-stained and blood-stained, who at last will be able to secure rest from the toils of conflict, should have time to collect their thoughts, to ponder on the great and vital questions in which they will be so intimately interested, and after considering the rival claims of candidates, give their votes according to their intelligence and their consciences. There is no hurry. Peace will not be converted into the true metal in a week, or a month. And, remember, it is not peace which concerns them now. That is certain, and, what is more, our statesmen have accepted only the main lines of that Peace. To my mind, the most convincing argument against an Election rushed through in December is that it will mean that the Post Office will be unable to despatch the Christmas parcels for our soldiers, who will be standing to arms in the trenches of Flanders. Think of it. When war has ceased and our fighting men are resting, they are to be denied their Christmas cheer so that the politicians may enjoy a ramp Election. If it be empty stomachs or empty ballot boxes, I know what the opinion of my countrymen and women will be.

LLOYD GEORGE.

Sharp Practices—In the Millennium Days.

DITOR.

The Re-Making of Britain.

But as I have said, there is no question of getting a People's mandate for Peace—that has already been denied. Those who have done the fighting are to have no voice in that—the Wilson Points have tied our hands—it is only a question to what extent those "reservations" can be used to our legitimate advantage. But there is something which is open to the man who has fought and to all of us who have sacrificed so much in the fight against the All Damnedest. We can see to it that, in the re-making of Britain and the re-strengthening of the Empire, Germany is made to pay; that none of her bestial brood shall be given place or privilege among us; that such weapons of trade and commerce as we can forge shall be used against her; and, above all, that the returning soldiers are re-instated in those positions they gave up with such splendid patriotism at the call of King and Country. I am heart and soul with Mr. Hughes in his protest against admitting the Hun to the comity of nations, and what he urges concerning Australia applies equally to Great Britain: "It was not too much to say that it was to secure the economic domination of the world that Germany made war, and that upon economic conditions the whole future of the world depended. If we lacked economic independence we lacked everything. Clause III. of the Wilson Points says we may not make such economic laws as we please. The tariffs which we apply to all other countries, if we accept it, must be extended to Germany. It compels us to grant the same privileges to Germany as we grant to Belgium and America. Nothing but 'force majeure' will compel us to do it." And if I rightly interpret the opinion of my countrymen—if that great meeting at the Albert Hall was a true pointer to the feelings of the country, as I believe it was—then I, too, say there will be trouble if the international financier is permitted to guide the counsels of our Ministers.

How Tommy will Vote.

The right to trade with whom we will and how we will, and to penalise Germany for her foul crimes, is one about which the fighting man will have something to say, and the Government that dares to go to the country without a strong, fearless policy will be beaten at the polls. The past is wiped out. We have little for which to thank our statesmen; it is the fighting man to whom all the honour and the glory are due. And it is he who will vote in no uncertain fashion for the penalising of the Hun and the refashioning of British industries for the profit of our own people. More than once I have publicly pledged myself to Tommy and Jack; and I have plighted my solemn word that I will stand by them in peace as in war; that I will see they get justice and fairplay and the legitimate fruits of victory when they return to civilian life. There are many questions which will touch their families and their pockets, including that most vital of all questions—wages and prices. The inevitable result of the return of millions of workers to civil life will be to depress wages. Have we any guarantee that for long months after war there will be any reduction in the cost of living, any genuine suppression of the profiteer? This way trouble lies, and he will be a wise statesman who, in seeking the confidence of the electors—at home and at the Front—will give ample time for a considered and a sober verdict

Scheme to Muzzle Tommy.

There is one matter, however, which we shall have to watch very closely. What is to be the exact position of Tommy in regard to the General Election? Is his freedom to be limited to the filling up of some form sent to him in the trenches, or if he be at home to putting his cross on a ballot-paper in the polling-booth, without any opportunity of hearing and considering the claims of rival candidates? According to the Official Report of Parliament, the Assistant Secretary for War on November 7th stated that "the Cabinet has decided that Rule 451, which prohibits soldiers attending any political meeting in uniform, will be vigorously enforced." I solemnly affirm that this is denying with one hand what is offered with the other. The soldier has been given the vote because he *is* a soldier, and to refuse him the right to ascertain the views of the candidates in public meeting, is to draw a dangerous distinction between the civilian in khaki and the civilian in plain clothes, and to make a travesty of the boasted gift of the franchise. Already paragraphs are appearing in the Press stating that this preposterous pronouncement has been modified. Even if there has been some whittling down of the old and musty Rule 451, the War Office mandarins will have to make a few further changes. They will have to give the soldier the right to *take part* in a meeting and to ask questions of the various candidates, as distinct from merely *attending*, and to appear in uniform on a public platform. The ordinary private has as much right as an officer to stand for Parliament. Certainly, he would better represent his fellow-Tommy than some slim politician or money-making civilian. Why should not the man who has *fought* in the King's uniform be allowed to *speak* in the King's uniform? He has a right to be proud of his khaki. Is it that the politician wants to handicap him? Is it that he knows how popular the uniform will be with the electors? I wonder. Anyhow, I declare it to be a damnable shame thus to hamper and muzzle the fighting man. In any case, it is perfectly clear that Rule 451 of King's Regulations is obsolete, and the Minister who to-day attempts to enforce it will be worse than a fool. I have already more than once protested against the eagerness of the politician to be "in at the death." Hence his altogether unnecessary presence at the Armistice Conference—ending with the obvious instruction to the enemy to "refer to Foch." And that should have been the decision from the moment the armistice was asked for. In the same way, I have been amused with the photo of a Minister of the Crown marching with our victorious troops into Lille. What was he doing there—giving the military instructions on the details of occupation? No, it will not do. The scandal of Rule 451 must be swept away once and for all. Who can doubt that this policy is the direct outcome of the intervention of the politician? It is all part and parcel of a scheme to subordinate the military to the civilian control. I suppose when the election comes we shall be asked to "vote for the men who won the war"—with their tongues—instead of for whatever policy the real warriors may determine upon. I want Tommy to be a very proud man to-day. He should occupy the front seats at all the meetings, and if I had my way I would give him two votes to every one for the civilian. Damn Rule 451—or any other which curtails his liberty when we are settling accounts with the Hun!

In the Millennium Days.

Great Britain is, at the core, peaceful and law-abiding. The King stands at the head of Constitutional Government, and he has a right to expect that his Ministers, as they are called, shall do nothing that can be charged as jerrymandering the machinery of the Constitution for personal and political ends. This war has taught us many things, and the lessons have been burnt into the minds of the men in the fighting ranks no less than into the consciences of those of us who have remained at home. And the greatest lesson of all is that monarchs or statesmen who misuse position and power must pay the penalty in failure and defeat—in that Nemesis, such as the Kaiser has suffered, which is the bitter fruit of wrongdoing, the inexorable sentence on those whose deeds are evil. Tommy and Jack look to return to a better, a freer, a brighter, and a happier Britain—and woe be to those who, misreading the sinister signs of the times, seek now to deny them either the proper spoils of victory or their entrance upon that new inheritance won at the price of so much of tears and blood. To-day the world is rejoicing that civilisation is free once more to pursue peaceful paths, and the people of the Empire—at home and beyond the seas—and they who have wrought this great wonder will not be denied their just and rightful enjoyment of the Millennium which, under God and wise ruling, should follow Armageddon. The war is over. Let us now seriously and solemnly devote all our thoughts and energies to the problems of Peace.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

PLANS FOR PEACE NIGHT.

SOLDIER: Gotter match, Jack?

SAILOR: 'Ope so. Try one o' *my* fags.

SOLDIER: Thet's orl right, ole pal. 'Ave one o' mine.

SAILOR: S'orl right. I've got one goin'.

SOLDIER: Well, let's swop packets. Must do somethink to celebrate the *h*armistice.

SAILOR: Don' know. I don't reckon much o' the armistice; I'm savin' meself up fur peace night.

SOLDIER: Made 'ir plans? Wotter yer goin' to do?

SAILOR: Well, if I'm ashore, I'm goin' to 'ave a good time.

SOLDIER: 'Ow's it goin' to be done? I unnerstand they're going to keep the restrictions goin' fur the duration an' twelve months arter.

SAILOR: Oh, *we'll* see to thet. We've put up with "Dora" w'ile the wore was on, but we 'aven't exackly loved 'er. An' w'en peace is signed we're goin' to give 'er the sack. If I'm at 'ome I'm goin' to do jest exackly wot I like fur twenty-four hours, jist to remind meself thet I'm still a British citizen w'en I'm orf duty.

SOLDIER: It won't be so easy done, I'm thinkin'.

SAILOR: I don't mean as I'm goin' maffickin'. I jest wanter realise as I'm a free Britisher again, thet's orl. I shell light orl the lamps an' candles in the 'ouse an' leave the blinds up fur a start. Then I shell take the missus round to the "Nelson" and stand 'er a drink.

SOLDIER: But it'll still be "no treatin'," even w'en peace is declared, accordin' to wot Lord D'Abernon sed the other day.

SAILOR: 'Oo the blazes 'll 'e be w'en the wore is over proper? 'Ow is 'e goin' to prevent me, a sailor wot's risked 'is life fur gittin' on fur five yers, from treatin' 'is wife to a drop o' stout?

SOLDIER: Well, it'll still be against the lore, so I'm told.

SAILOR: Think as sailors'll take any notice o' thet? Some o' you w'ite-livered soljers may, but *we* won't.

SOLDIER: We ain't no more w'ite-livered than wot *chew* are.

SAILOR: I'm on'y judgin' by wot you say.

SOLDIER: Discipline is discipline. The lore is the lore.

SAILOR: You carn't teach me nuthink about discipline. I should like to know 'oo's obeyed orders better'n wot us sailors 'ave all through the wore, and it won't be our fault if we breaks a bit loose on peace night. If they restores our rights as citizens in good time, orl well an' good; but if they trys to keep us under, like a lot o' kids, w'en we've done our job, then there'll be the devil to pay, I tell yer.

SOLDIER: I'm with yer there. Let me do wot I like within reasonable bounds and I'll be satisfied; but if I'm comin' 'ome to an England bound up with red tape, then somethink's goin' to 'appen.

SAILOR: Thet's just wot I was a-sayin'. They kin put us on our honour if they like, and we'll be as quiet as mice and as good as gold. But if they think we're goin' to put up with war conditions w'en the fightin' is over and we've won, then they're bloomin' well mistaken. I've gotter clean sheet up to now, but I can see trouble ahead if they ain't sensible enough to give us a bit o' latitude w'en our job is finished.

SOLDIER: Thet's wot we ses in the Army.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"THE HAMPSHIRE INDEPENDENT":—
"Recipe for Devilled Bones. . . . CHOP UP A TEASPOONFUL OF LEMON-JUICE. . . ."

"EVENING STANDARD":—
"The Albert Medal was conferred on Corporal Walter, GUNNER OF THE ARMY PAY CORPS."

"DAILY MIRROR" (description of photograph):—
"Divisional General whose troops CAPTURED the town and THE PRINCE OF WALES."

"THE IRISH INDEPENDENT":—
"The King DECEIVED the widow of Captain ——, R.N., killed while defending the British Consulate."

"BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR" (advt.):—
"Lost, Roan Heifers, COMING 2 YEARS FROM FIELD at Brislington."

"LONDON OPINION":—
"Pouring out coffee WITH ONE HAND, and READING me the cricket scores WITH THE OTHER."

"GLOUCESTERSHIRE ECHO":—
"Mr. W. Knight, of Cotherington, wishes to thank most heartily the many kind friends for their ASSISTANCE IN THE LOSS OF HIS PIG."

MR. JOHN TWOMEY (General Secretary, National Amalgamated Labourers' Union):—
"The Government should arrange for the suspension of the Medical Boards to allow the gentlemen comprising the boards to take part in ARRESTING the already over-taxed doctors."

"MANCHESTER CITY NEWS":—
"Whatever her (Germany's) present virtuous intentions, her past career is not such that we can afford to TWIST her in anything."

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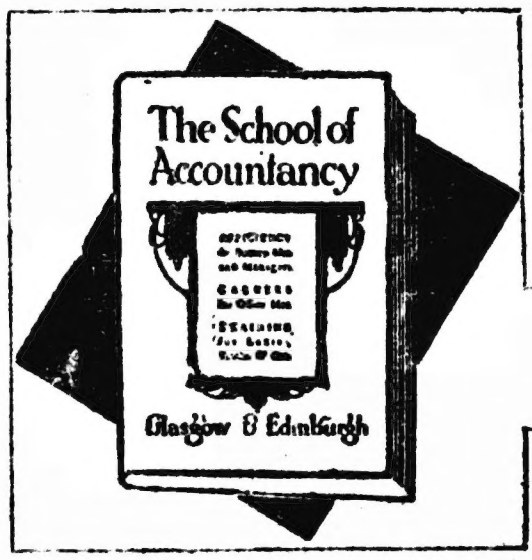

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But the first step they took was to write for this Free Booklet. If every reader of "John Bull" wrote for it there wouldn't be enough to go round. So write for your copy to-day! You will not be under any obligation; you will not be bothered by callers.

THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY
2, WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Whose Orders?—The s.s. *Borda*, with 1,700 troops, recently arrived at Tilbury from Australia. Two days before she reached port, the blankets and hammocks of the men were collected, and they had to lie about on wet decks, a large number of them naturally contracting colds. No wonder our soldiers die from the "flu!" Who was responsible for this insane order?

The Leave Boats:—The life-saving jackets on several of our leave boats running between here and France are in a disgustingly filthy condition, and should be either cleaned or thrown overboard at once. Every soldier is not a good sailor—a fact to which the life-belts bear eloquent testimony. We need say no more.

Another Crystal Palace:—At the risk of being considered a nuisance, we would again draw the attention of the authorities to the condition of Blandford Camp, which might almost be described as a second Crystal Palace. The mortality returns are alarmingly high, and we cannot but feel that they would be considerably lowered if those responsible put their heads together and improved the camp. It would be a good job if it could be vacated altogether.

Give Them More:—There is much discontent among the W.O.s, Class II., and other N.C.O.s. employed on permanent staffs of volunteer corps, who are obliged to live in lodgings. Their allowance per day for rations, lodgings, fuel and light amounts to 3s. 2d.—on which, of course, no man can live in these times. This may be an oversight on the part of the Army Council; if so, we would call their attention to it. If the men in question were a large body of voters, the politicians in power would be all over them begging them to accept more money.

A Wail from the Warwicks:—The men of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, at the Brigade Signal School, Woodbridge, complain that the majority of them have been left without pay for three weeks—in some cases for four or five weeks—and have to borrow money to carry on with. They tell us that the only reply they can obtain from the Quartermaster-Sergeant is that he will inquire about it. He should hurry up.

Officers, Too:—With the 3.C. Reserve Brigade Royal Field Artillery, at Deepcut, are seven officers who have had cushy jobs all through the campaign, and have never seen the Front, and never will. An officer was called for to go to France—a Captain of low medical category, C 3, was selected, the non-fighters being left behind. We consider this grossly unfair, but, unfortunately, crippled "common soldiers" are treated in the same way. We demand an inquiry on the part of the War Council.

Kicked Out?—A Quartermaster, of long service with the South Wales Borderers, rejoined for the war. A while ago he was the subject of an inquiry concerning losses in forage, and was honourably acquitted. He was immediately afterwards, however, placed before a General Court-Martial for using rations for his own family, and was again honourably acquitted. He has not been allowed to go back to his unit, and the strings are being pulled to have him thrown out of the Service. This is not British justice, and if Viscount Milner wishes to know the man's name and the number of his battalion we shall be pleased to provide him with the information.

"JACK."

For the Admiralty:—The Commanding Officer of the Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport should visit and inspect E.I. Room, in which nearly two hundred and fifty men are isolated. In peace time the room accommodated but one hundred and twenty stokers!

Copying the Civilian:—Whitehall has granted a special allowance of 6d. a day to Petty Officers employed as Instructors on boys' training ships, provided they are *not* pensioners. They have evidently taken a leaf out of the book of the civilian employer, who offers starvation wages to the discharged pensioned soldier applying for work.

The Tailor's Bill:—The Red Tape and Sealing Wax Department of the Admiralty has had a brain wave. To *save* the pockets of officers, they have issued a price list for uniform—the cost of an undress jacket being laid down at £5 10s., and of trousers £3. Before the Order, it was possible to obtain a super-uniform reefer for £3 15s., and the best trousers for £1 17s. 6d. Wise Department!

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

The System:—A discharged man, after receiving a commercial training through the Pensions Minister, offered himself as a clerk to a firm of chartered accountants in Manchester. He was told: "We will take you on at £1 a week." The poor "badger" respectfully asked to have the amount doubled, but met with the retort: "We can get a girl for much less money." When the boys come home, such bloodsuckers as these will have to look out for themselves. Their unpatriotic attitude may lead to the gravest national peril.

Ages Now:—Discharged men applying for conductors' licences under the London County Council are asked by Scotland Yard to display their birth certificates. When the same fellows offered themselves to the Army, being much over age, they were asked for no such document as our Recruiting Officers were only too glad to pick them up. This is another grievance for our discharged men's organisations to remedy.

A Hornets' Nest:—Mr. Hodge has promised that when the war drum ceases to beat the munition workers — who, God knows, are usually earning huge money now—will be supported from public funds until they obtain employment. He has aroused a hornets' nest among our discharged soldiers and their widows and orphans, who naturally retort that the munitioners should have been able to put something by for hard times. Tommy gets a few pence over a shilling a day, and his wife is allowed a starvation pittance. Cannot Mr. Hodge—whose personal keenness for the welfare of our soldiers and their folk we admit—do something more for them also?

Declined With Thanks.—An employee of the Commercial Cable Company, who had spent eight years with that Corporation, enlisted, lost a leg, and was discharged to civil life. The Company offered him a job at 30s. a week for night duty, with 30 per cent. bonus paid quarterly. He declined the offer with thanks, and applied for a reference, receiving the following:—"Dear Mr. ——, Your letter to hand. It is not our custom to give open references, but if you will refer intending employers to the Company, the matter will have our best attention." Rather scurvy treatment, in the circumstances

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Trouble Upon Trouble:—A soldier's widow has been struggling to keep a delicate child. She has lost four youngsters, and this is the only one left. She is now herself down with a serious illness, and while on her sick bed had a summons for overdue rent.

Peculiar Hardship:—A private in the A. O. C., recently invalided home from France, has had the double misfortune to lose his wife and one of his children. Seven youngsters are left, and things are practically in a state of chaos in his home. Debts had accumulated. Unfortunately, we have had during the last few weeks many equally distressing cases of fatalities among women and children, and fear that until the present epidemic abates there will be little decrease in the pressure upon the Fund.

His Life a Burden:—An invalided ex-soldier appealed to us as a last resource. He suffers from heart disease, neurasthenia and rheumatism, and is in almost a helpless state. He has a wife and children, the woman at present not being able to work. He had scarcely any clothing, being unable to spare a penny from his pension even for such necessities.

Driven Nearly Mad:—An applicant was in a state bordering upon desperation, owing to many debts she could not meet and the fear that she would be evicted because she could not pay back rent. Absence from work was the cause of this pitiable state of affairs.

Deserves Better Treatment:—A widow has six sons serving—her last, and the support of the home, having recently joined up. The boy was previously earning high wages, but she receives merely the 8s. 6d. which he allows her from his pay. Naturally the pinch is felt in the home, where the rent has been in arrear for a couple of months. We relieved the poor woman as far as we could.

Further Assistance Given.

Man on leave to see wife, who is seriously ill. Doctor's bill, etc., to pay; no money.

Soldier's wife off work to attend delicate child. Rent unpaid for weeks.

Three daughters ill in one family; child recently died. Much expense caused; doctor's bill awaiting payment.

Wife of deceased ex-soldier not yet in receipt of pension. Could not meet expenses in the meantime, and was in desperate straits.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

"Punch," £1; "Elp," 3s.; "The Idle," 5s.; "Anxious Mother" (Southsea), 5s.; "Ripple" (Nailsworth), 10s.; "340256," 10s.; "A Scot," 11s.; "Janet St. H.," £2 2s.; "Two Old Pensioners," 2s.; M. A. C. (Consett), £2; "Recognition," 2s. 6d.; F. J. N. (Fawley), 2s. 6d.; H. H., 6d.; T. C., 7s. 6d.; "Gipsy," 7s. 6d.; B. A. C., 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; T. K. H., 1s. 6d.; G. H. P. B., 5s.; A. H. S. (Exeter), 1s. 1½d.; I. S., 1s.; J. H. (Hereford), 4s.; "Teapot," 2s. 6d.; J. F. G., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. G. (Gillingham), 1s.; G. R. (Clapham Junction), 10s.; W. H. E. (Athlone), 1s.; T. G. (San Francisco), £1; M. K. (Hounslow), 5s.; M. W. (Blackburn), £1; A. E. P. (B.E.F.), 2s.; M. H., 10 francs; "Blighty," £1; L. N. (Leeds), 10s.; W. A. W., 5s.; F. S. 6d.; J. M. (Barton), 1s.; Mrs. M. F., 1s.; "Bylo," 4s.; J. G. (Carlisle), 2s.; H. C. H. (Maidenhead), 6d.; M. A. B. C., 5s.; "In Mem., S.M.S.," 2s.; W. & A. L. (Forest Gate), 5s.; H. H. B., £1 1s.; Anon., £1; Mrs. R. G., 6s.; L. K. (Clapham Common), 2s. 6d.; S. R. P. (Penang), 7s.; R. H. (Bootle), 3s. 5d.; C. W. (Strathaven), 5s.; "Two Young Admirers of JOHN BULL," 7s.; "A Poor £1; E. W. B. (Sparkbrook), 6s.; E. M. P. (Queenstown), Apprentice's Mother," 1s.; "A Bad Navigator," 1s.; Sapper J. H. R., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; E. L. (Bath), 2s.; J. T., 6d.; Mrs. A. D., 1s. 6d.; "Bonne Chance," 6d.; W. S. (Glasgow), 1s.; A. J. W., 6d.; "Hens," £1; H. A. F., £4; M. A. G. (Putney), 2s.; "A Lonely Widow," 2s. 6d.; T. O. P., 2s. 2½d.; A. M. C. (Wallasey), 5s.; "Matilda," 5s.; W. T. H. (Gosport), 2s.; Crew of H.M. *Geranium* (per J. T. K.), £1 9s. 6d.; A. L. F. B., 1; J. McN. (Burntisland), 2s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6; "A Wicked Gambler," 2s. 6d.; A. H., 4s.; "Clippenh, 6d.; "Belmont," 2s. 6d.; T. W. H., 4½d.; C. A., 2s. 3d.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

Mrs. B. L. T., £3; F. T. C. (Malta), 5s. 2d.; J. J. W., 4s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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F. S. C.—You are quite wrong in thinking that we expect to be at the Peace Conference. Our time is not yet.

B. A. G. (Liverpool).—There is much in what you say against an early General Election, and if we have *our* way, the little man from Wales won't get *his* way.

"WIFE OF A SAILOR" (Godreaman).—"The only Colonies we will give up are Macdonald, Snowden, and Haldane, and the quicker they buzz off the better." But they aren't colonies; only plague-spots.

H. L. (London).—The Editor was born on the 23rd March, 1860—at least, so he is told.

F. W. Y. (Camberwell).—We have been asked many queer things, but never before how to prevent an English concertina "clucking." Guess it clucks with joy at the good news we're getting daily.

Miss M. C. (Fareham).—"Your article struck me as being the most sensible thing I've read for a long time." You should read us oftener.

H. B. (Sheffield).—From the *Sheffield Telegraph*:—"To imitate the greatest journalist in the world, let us say 'Watch Bradford City.'" Yet we still take the same old size in hats.

"MILES VETERANUS" (B.E.F.).—Remove Cologne Cathedral and rebuild it in France? Justice, but France probably wants no German building.

"FIAT JUSTICIA" (Dungannon).—"Behind you you have every shade of political opinion." No, we bar the shady ones.

"OBSERVER" (London), having stuck portraits of Wilson, Lloyd George and Bottomley on his note paper, remarks: "Twinkle, twinkle, glorious stars, Shining through the gloom of Mars; Shining three in dazzling light, Spread ye rays of sacred light." Some poet!

"CHERUB" (E. E. F.).—"Lost: On or about 22nd Sept., 1918, between Jerusalem and Damascus, the Turkish Army. Finder will be suitably rewarded." Advt. received too late. Goods found and will be disposed of to defray expenses.

A. C. G. (Glasgow).—"There's a fat fatuous fool who's a lord, Who knows more about law than the sword: Yet this fatuous fool o'er the Army did rule, And by patriots true he's abhorred." Whoever *can* it be?

J. W. (Liverpool).—Thank you for your interesting letters. You are correct in your assumption that we haven't a wart on our nose.

F. M. C. (Edinburgh).—"All success to your Albert Hall meeting." Your letter arrived just in time to send us off with a good heart.

PRIVATE C. (Sheffield).—"The only terms the Free Nations should tender are the same as Bulgaria's 'Unconditional Surrender,'" If that isn't poetry, it's horse sense, anyway.

"SIR WALTER" (Gateshead).—From verses submitted for our criticism, we take one line:—"And what 'J. B.' says is the truth as a rule." You must make it "always," and drag in a nice rhyme to fit.

"CONSTANT READER" (Fishponds).—Letter you have received: "8, Redland Park, Bristol. I do not let my flats to anyone with children. W. H. Smith." Wonder what flat let Smith a flat to be born in?

E. J. (H.M.S. *Concord*).—"To settle a bet, can you give me a '*definition*' of 'What's What'?" We cannot, and that's that.

C. C. S. (Norwich).—"At Wymondham station three Tommies refused to move out of the carriage to make room for German prisoners." To those Tommies we offer our hand and our heart.

H. S. (Broxholme).—"Concerning the price of milk. . . . Please let the farmers alone. Your place is to keep prophesying when the war will end." You don't like being tickled up.

Miss R. H. (S.E.).—"Girls would like to do something for the boys, but are afraid of it being thought they are running after them." Chance your arm, dear; the boys won't fret if you *do* run after them.

G. F. H. (Aus. Imp. Forces).—"Re land workers, do you really think those women will again become the gentle, loving creatures who——?" Certainly; though it is probable they will be stronger in the arm.

"GREGORY" (London).—Not having heard from you for six months or more, thought you were dead, or interned. Cannot say your composition has improved in the interval.

"NOUNY" (Aden).—Your poem knocks spots off the Poet Laureate. At the present moment our office boy is yelling it all over the building. We ought to have burnt it instead of dropping it into the w.p.b.

A. C. (Crossmyloof).—"If you want justice done, God the Omnipotent Himself in the Flesh resides at the above address, waiting patiently for you all." Another job for the Asylums Board.

G. R. (Upper Norwood).—"Perhaps this idea will commend itself to your cartoonist." We submitted it to him, but he positively sneezed at it.

W. S. H. (H.M.S. *Norseman*).—To settle the argument in your mess, Prince Max of Baden is not a Hohenzollern. Hope this doesn't put you in the soup.

"A SICK MAN" (Shanklin).—Your telegram concerning Lord Haldane to hand. Now that you have eased yourself, make haste and get better.

"HOPEFUL" (Hythe).—Eventually; no doubt, the Divorce law will be reformed, but we strongly advise you not to gamble on it for the present.

"TOMMY ATKINS."—Hadn't heard of the proposal to erect an "Umbrella Shrine" at Westminster as a memorial of the services rendered by clerks in Government Offices. Saucy boy!

W. P. (Dover).—"If you employ a man and I pay him his salary——" Wish you meant it.

"IGNOTUS."—No name; no address; and no good.

AMY N. R. (London) wants us to beseech the public not to cast dogs on the streets when taxing day comes round. We beseech accordingly.

"BUGLER BOY" (Weymouth) tells us of Hun prisoners who wander away blackberry picking while their sentry has a nap. That sentry would have had a rude awakening if we had our way.

C. L. (Bradford).—Of course, in our "Candid Communication," pointing out the contradiction in terms in the report of Mr. Barker's remarks regarding Mr. Herbert Berry's patent stove, we intended no reflection on the stove itself, which seems a useful contrivance.

"CONSTANT READER" (Sutton Bridge).—Certainly land girls should be supplied with overcoats for the winter. If anyone needs them, they do.

"PORTER" (Co. Cork).—To have two sons killed on one day was, indeed, a stunning blow. A fine for absence in such circumstances was outrageous, but to publish details might injure your position.

"VERA" (New Cross).—If we don't tell you how to become an author, you will send us some poems? We must escape that horrible fate, so:—Get a pile of nice white paper, a JOHN BULL pen, and a little imagination; then do your durndest to write something utterly unlike real life, and you will become a popular author.

"NOM DE PLUME" (Hampstead).—"Where does this stuff they call bacon come from?" From the salt mines of Nousnesavonspas.

E. S. C. (Hunmanby).—"May I suggest you would be doing a great public service if you were to publish an up-to-date list of *initials*, with their *interpretation*, of the offices and workers in the many War Departments, etc., such as W.R.E.N.S.—and others." It is a Capital idea, but our staff of puzzle experts have all joined up.

MRS. I. (Skerton).—"I see England upon a throne Weeping for men she as lost and sailors in the harbour They are tempest-tossed." Then they would probably be safer out at sea.

"PURLEY" (Chelsea).—"Although Herr Seigel lived in England, he had all his sons brought up and educated in Germany." Just so; blood is thicker than limejuice.

E. J. H. (Marchmont Street, W.C.).—Our suggestion was none the worse because you happened to have thought of it too. That kind of thing is always happening with readers as clever as ours.

J. T. S. (Hawkhurst).—"You, Sir, are a brick and an Englishman." Very civil of you, to be sure.

E. C. B. (Birmingham).—We are snowed under with complaints about the Hearts of Oak Society. That name may be all right for the members, but the "Board" is evidently of poorer timber.

F. W. (Kensal Rise).—Very rude of the barber's wife to call you "so and so." Serve her right if you had called her a whats-a-name.

H. CHAPMAN (President, Leeds Branch N.A.D.S.S.).—Agree with you it is a great pity discharged Service men are split up in separate associations. One united body would be far stronger.

"WIFE" (Lancs) has a husband on a minesweeper. Crew awarded £275 in February, but he has not received his share yet. Perhaps the Chief of the Goyt. Cash Box is down with the 'flu.

E. B. (H.M.S. *Ursa*).—"To settle an argument, how do you pronounce crooked—crooked, or crook-ed?" By poetic licence as you please; but conventionally—crook-ed.

A. B. (Catford).—Let us get the gang of Berlin monsters in hand first; then have a row, if necessary, as to who shall have the honour of shooting 'em.

R. L. (Accrington).—Thanks for suggestion. We have already increased the "Bullets" offer for the last fortnight to 200 turkey prizes per week. Still time for you to win one.

K. M. B. (Wimbledon).—We would not mind a tax on servants, only that mean mistresses would make the servants pay it in some way.

"READER" (Middleton).—Cannot publish all your long letter, but the bad fact that your old employers refuse you a job after Army service is enough to go on with.

"THREE CLERKS" (Sydenham).—You joined the Q.M.A.A.C. for foreign service a year ago, and have got no further than Sydenham. Chorus:—"You've got a long way to go!"

W. K. (Walsall).—"Let me know whether John Burns has got a retired pension; it will do in your letter-bag." And it would do in his letter-bag, too, if he had one.

A. G. T. (Camberwell) and two soldier friends returning to France got into a first-class carriage because it was only there they could find room, but they were turned out. "Good enough to die," he comments, "but not good enough for a first-class carriage."

A. W. S. (Leicester) says that being a Leicester man, and having had a vote for 45 years, he has never yet met a Parliamentary candidate who has cost the ratepayers of Leicester "so much money for the protection of his dirty (*sic.*) body as Ramsay has." Anyhow, the absurd waste of money will cease after the General Election.

"A SKINNY REED" ("Heaven is my Home").—Thanks for the fancy paper hanks. Owing to the 'flu epidemic we fear that brief life is here their portion. We will think of you when we trumpet forth our woes.

"READER" (c.o. G.P.O.).—"I am writing to ask if you will air a terrible grievance, or rather a terrible scandal." Make up your mind which it is and we will go for it bald-headed.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Our Great Xmas Gift Offer

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON, VALUE 1/-

Full Particulars on Page ii of Cover.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In the High Court of Justice.

De BECK *v* THE EVENING STANDARD.

With regard to the libel action, de Beck v. "The Evening Standard," which will be heard in the High Court of Justice during the next few days, in order to prevent any misunderstanding Messrs. Odhams Limited (the publishers of "John Bull"), whilst in no way commenting upon the merits of the action on one side or the other, desire to make it known that the plaintiff has no interest, either as proprietor, editor or otherwise, in

The National News,

Messrs. Odhams having acquired the entire control of that newspaper in June last.

85-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WHITELEYS

High-Class Tailors

ALL-WOOL SUITS

READY TO WEAR

Or made to measure from new winter cloths, by our own Tailors, and finished in the latest West-End Style.

There ready-to-wear Suits and Overcoats are stocked in 32 sizes, enabling us to fit short and stout, tall & slight, and normal figures.

They are tailored with such perfection as to make them equal in every respect to any bespoke garments.

READY TO WEAR

£4:14:6—£5:5:0

& £5:10:0 the Suit

MADE TO ORDER

5 Gns. 6 Gns. 7 Gns. 8 Gns.

THE SUIT

WM. WHITELEY LTD., QUEEN'S RD., LONDON, W.2

This famous Chef would work miracles in your kitchen

M. AMBLARD.
Chef de Cuisine,
Great Central Hotel, N.W.

M. Amblard's RECIPE:

SHORT BREAD

4 oz. Margarine.
2 oz. Sugar.
1 good tablespoonful of Goodall's Egg Powder.

Mix with a wooden spoon in a slightly warm basin, about 10 minutes, working until it is like a thick cream; add a teacupful of flour, a teacupful of corn flour, previously mixed together. Bake in a light oven.

(A little Egg Powder diluted in about 2 tablespoonfuls Milk (cold) and added to melted butter before is a great improvement).

BUT before he began his wonderful work he would insist on having close at hand what he calls "one of the best assistants a chef could desire"—Goodall's Egg Powder. Read his letter and recipe and see how he goes to work to make a first-class shortbread.

M. Amblard is one of nearly a score of the greatest chefs in Britain who have written recently to tell us how valuable they find Goodall's Egg Powder in their daily work. M. Stempfer, Chef to H.M. Queen Alexandra, refers to it as "the most efficient and valuable egg substitute I know"; whilst M. Andre Peybieu, the gifted Chef at the "Trocadero," considers it "quite the best at the public service."

M. Amblard writes:

"I rely very greatly upon the use of Goodall's Egg Powder for my cakes, pastries and puddings.

I have been strongly impressed with its all-round excellence and its actual goodness in the place of eggs—a fact which I know was borne out by the analysis in the "Times" Food Supplement.

Goodall's Egg Powder is always ready for service, is quite easy to use, and goes so much further than eggs that I do not wonder at the great demand there is for it.

It is valuable indeed, for it quite covers the purpose of eggs at a nominal cost, and thus permits anyone to make attractive, nourishing and digestible pastry.

I have to thank you for one of the best assistants a chef could desire.

You have my permission to publish this letter and my photograph."

(Signed) M. AMBLARD, *Chef de Cuisine, Great Central Hotel, London, N.W.*

After such testimony as this, can you doubt that in

GOODALL'S EGG POWDER

there exists one of the best war-time kitchen helps you can desire? It will save you three-fourths of the cost of eggs, yet give you (even with the present flour), cakes of the most perfect quality and richness and flavour.

2d. packets; **9**d. and **1/6** tins.

NOT every grocer has it yet, but it is worth a little trouble to secure. Stocked by Harrods, Barkers, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and most of the best London and provincial grocers and Stores. Write us if you have any difficulty in obtaining.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Leeds.

Last 2 Weeks—Turkey Offer increased!

200 Turkeys to be Won this Week!

FIRST PRIZE £200

LAST 2 WEEKS! TURKEY OFFER INCREASED.
200 TURKEYS ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK.
In consequence of the food restrictions we are this year asking successful competitors to purchase their own Turkeys, and to send the bills to us for settlement. We will pay all such bills up to the amount of £1 10s. each, or, if preferred, a cheque for this sum will be sent in advance to pay for the Turkey SEND IN YOUR COUPON WITHOUT DELAY.

1000 TURKEYS

2ND PRIZE £20 £10 3RD PRIZE

20 PRIZES OF £2.10 = 200 PRIZES OF 5/- = 200 TURKEYS = 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 = 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—WHAT TOMMY FANCIES. Bullet:—RETURNING HOME BEFORE CHRISTMAS. Example:—NOT WORTH HAVING. Bullet:—PEACE WITH HOHENZOLLERNS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated December 7th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 310.

FOCH'S TERMS	GERMAN SAILORS	PEACE AND PLENTY	THE LAST SHOT
THE WHITE FLAG	THE MAILED FIST	TURKEY	WHEN ELECTED
GERMANY'S FUTURE	IN A TIGHT CORNER	COMING QUICKLY	FEELING PROUD
NOT WORTH HAVING	WORN OUT	DOG TIRED	COME TO STAY
WHEN DEFEATED	DON'T FORGET THAT	ROAD TO RUIN	A CLEAN SWEEP
A WISE MAN	GENERAL RETREAT	WORTH BACKING	FIRED WITH ENTHUSIASM
CRYING KAMERAD	DANGEROUS PROCEEDING	WHAT TOMMY FANCIES	NECK OR NOTHING
NOW OR NEVER	UP AGAINST IT	WILL TO WIN	WHEN KAISER GOES

Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 21st

No._____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(310) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

BUT IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR 'BULLETS' ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 21st

No._____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(310) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 310. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 21st

No._____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(310) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 21st

No._____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(310) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2- must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 311.

HEAVY DAMAGES	GOOD TIME COMING	SHATTERING THEIR HOPES	THE RIGHT CONCLUSION
WHEN PEACE COMES	AT LAST	WHEN WOMAN RULES	MILITARISM
SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY	A BIG MAJORITY	THE GERMAN MARK	ASKING FOR MERCY
CARVING TURKEY	WEARING UNIFORM	WITHOUT LEAVE	MY HUSBAND THINKS
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN	AFTER MARRIAGE	LOOKING FOR WORK	WHAT KAISER DESERVES

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **311** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 311,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition 310.

Result of 307th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. F. CANTLE, Enquiry Office, c.o. W. D. & H. O. Wills, East Street, Bristol.
Example:—THE KAISER'S FAMILY.
Bullet:—INTRODUCED "BAD BLOOD" EVERYWHERE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. A. ROSS,
11, Prospect Place, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston.
Example:—THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.
Bullet:—FRIGHT GRADUALLY SUPPLANTS FRIGHTFULNESS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. W. MADDISON SLAND,
2, Wycliff Villas, Bath Street, Hereford.
Example:—THE KAISER'S FAMILY.
Bullet:—"POSSESSIONS" HE CAN "KEEP."

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. W. FLEET, 123, Tyncham Rd., Lavender Hill, S.W.: NOT GOOD ENOUGH—HUN—AS TOMMY'S BOOTBLACK.
Mrs. A. HORTON, 75, Kingsway, Cleethorpes, Lincs: WELCOME CHANGE—BELGIUM NOW "FINDING FREEDOM."
Mr. E. SMITH, 30, St. John's Road, Birkdale, Lancs: THE KAISER'S FAMILY—PROVIDE AGAINST—NOT FOR.
Miss N. COLLINS, 28, Beverly Rd., New Malden, Surrey. THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT—CHAMPION "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR" NOW.
Mr. J. ATKINSON, 43, Victoria Park Road E., Cardiff: THE NEXT ELECTION—"SOMETHING NEW" FOR WIFE.
Mr. J. F. HODGE, 7, Fox Street, Greenock: THE KAISER'S FAMILY—DON'T MENTION—SHUT UP.
Bandmaster P. J. WHELAN, H.M.S. "Lion," B.C.F.: BEFORE LONG—WE'LL HAVE TWO NAVIES.
Mr. W. D. RIVENHALL, 4, Chesterfield Road, Copnor: WELCOME CHANGE—DIGGING ALLOTMENT AFTER TRENCHES. (Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. T. H. HUGHES, 1, Crown Place, Harrogate: A BIG SUCCESS—FOOD SHORTAGE, FOR RESTAURANTS.
Mr. A. HERBERT, 35, Market Street, Birkenhead: WHEN FRITZ SURRENDERS—CUR BECOMES PAMPERED DOG.
Mr. G. S. LAMBERT, 100, Saxton St., Gillingham, Kent: SILLY ASS—STARTS "KICKING" WITHOUT REASON.
Mr. J. POXON, Cinder Hill, Nottingham: WHAT WILSON WANTS—HONEY FROM WASPS.
Mr. A. L. CARSWELL, 27, Washway Rd., Sale, Cheshire: EATING HUMBLE PIE—NOT THE "TURKEY" WINNER.
Miss M. FUIST, 57, Hartley Road, Croydon: EATING HUMBLE PIE—FRITZ UNDER "DOCTOR'S" ORDERS.
Mr. W. BENNEY, 80, Shadwell Road, Portsmouth: THE ALLIES' TRIUMPH—REDUCING QUARTETTE TO SOLO.
Mr. E. H. PRYOR, Bridge Street, Coggeshall, Colchester: WELCOME CHANGE—EVERYBODY "COUNTS IT OVER."
Mr. J. W. MCKINLAY, D.C.I Buildings, Kelty, Fife: NOT GOOD ENOUGH—ANY "DEFENCE" OF GERMANY.
Mr. F. J. HOLMES, 32, My Lady's Rd., Belfast, Ireland: EVERYBODY THINKS THAT—IRELAND'S "BENEFITS" EXCEED "CONTRIBUTIONS."
Mr. A. MURRELL, 23, Southborough Rd., Hackney, E.: AUSTRIA AND TURKEY—BULGARIANS "SEVERED THEIR CONNECTION."
Miss A. L. PEARSON, Iona Craig, Craigydon, Llandudno: THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT—"TRANSFORMATION" SCENE MERELY "PANTOMIME."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d., made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 150 winners of Turkey prizes in the above Competition will be ready next week and published in the "Competitors' Journal," or it will be forwarded on receipt of 1½d. stamp. Complete list of all cash and other prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Nov. 16, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL
Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.
In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

Nov. 16, 1918 .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

"Just to please me!"

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger Amounts pro rata.

YOU will be certain of pleasing her if you take her to the "Midland." The £100,000 worth of superb furniture always on view in the "Midland" Salons will appeal irresistibly to her sense of beauty And the sterling value shown in the plainly-marked "Midland" prices will appeal just as strongly to your business judgment. Come and compare those prices with what you would ordinarily be asked for furniture of anything like the same splendid quality to-day. You will see for yourself that

Money buys more at the "Midland."

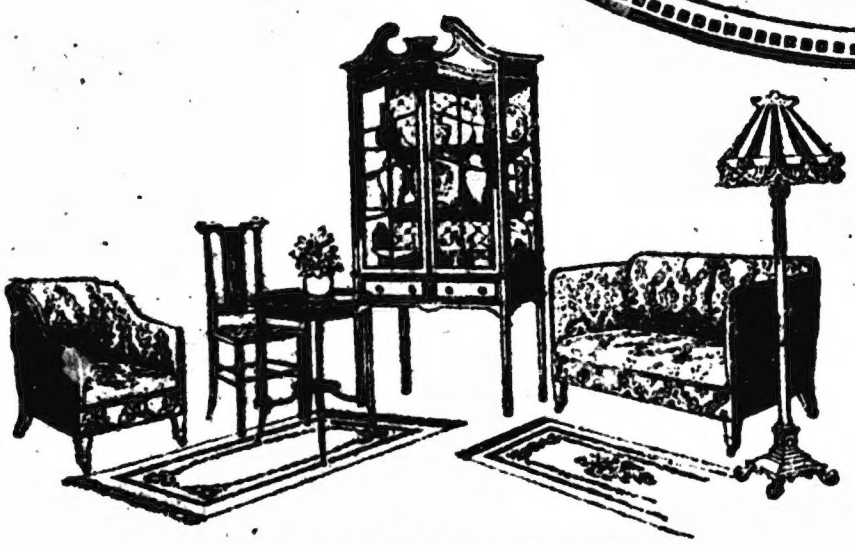
You always score by furnishing at the "Midland." If you pay cash you get 10 per cent. discount. If you prefer to furnish out of income you can select just what you want for your home, and pay for it just when you want — without disturbing your investments or inconveniencing yourself in any way. Under the **"Midland" Ideal Terms** you pay out of income; and you are not charged a single penny for credit or any extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **Insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Midland



A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE,
designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL.** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

"ERASMIC"

The Dainty SOAP.

Pure, Fragrant and Refreshing.

Ideal for the Complexion.

6d per tablet. 1/6 per box.

PARIS. ERASMIC Perfumers. 13a New Bond St. LONDON. W. MOSCOW.

Leave it to MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE Electric Lamps

to ensure maximum brilliancy with utmost economy in your lighting.

BRITISH MADE.

Obtainable from all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

The British Thomson Houston Co., Ltd.. Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

"Go home - We uses Bird's Egg Substitute"

Invaluable in the kitchen. One teaspoonful of this golden powder imparts the richness, flavour and appearance of new-laid eggs to puddings, cakes, buns, batter for fish, etc.

Excellent recipes with each tin and packet.

Supremacy

JUST as our valiant air-service has won a marked superiority over its competitors, so with Gibbs's famous Cold Cream Shaving Soap. It gives place to none. Made from the purest and best materials and containing an especially soothing cream, Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap yields an exceptionally mild, fragrant, creamy lather which ensures a quick, clean shave, and the skin left easy and plastic. "As refreshing as the lofty air" is a shave with

Gibbs's COLD CREAM SHAVING SOAP

Price 7d. & 1/-

Of all Chemists.

Send your boy at the Front a stick of Gibbs's. It is fine in either hot or cold water—even trench water or cold tea. Nothing comes amiss to Tommy if only he has Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap for his shave.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 13), Cold-Cream Soap Works. Estab. 1712. London, E. 1.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 22, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

SACCHARIN TEA SWEETENERS.

One tablet equal to teaspoonful of sugar. Do not confuse our quality with those of inferior sweetening power. Post free, 100, 2/4; 200, 4/4; 500, 10/4; 1,000, 19/6. Wholesale terms on application.

MURRAY & McCONACHIE, Ltd., Chemists, WINCHESTER.

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